UNCLE ARTHUR'S

BEDTIME STORIES

THIRD SERIES

USEFUL BOOKS

THAT GLADDEN YOUTHFUL HEARTS

GOLDEN STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

by Charles L. Paddock

Packed with interesting stories that educate and build character. One section, printed in larger type, is for children learning to read. Most of the stories are for children of from ten to fifteen years of age. Bound in cloth. **Price, $2.25.**

HEROES TAKE WINGS

by Charles L. Paddock

Did you ever take a thrilling air ride? or perhaps an ocean voyage? Or maybe your last vacation furnished the finest time you ever had. "Heroes Take Wings" is about young people who did such things as these—young people who accomplished worth-while things in life. Keep company with such heroes as these. Parents, too, appreciate these fine, wholesome stories. **Price, $1.25.**

DUCKY, SNOWY, AND TIGE

by Olive M. Bathgate

Let's see: where shall we begin? Oh, yes; you'll want to know about Carol, the little girl who almost slipped into the well. And about the farmer lad who played "hooky" and got into a peck of trouble. And there were Derry, and Eddie, and Tony, who did some wonderful tricks. Ask mother or dad to help you get this book of true, thrilling stories NOW. Pretty cloth cover. **Only $1.25.**

DRAGON TALES

by Celia R. Brines

Queer things happen in China. Did you suppose Chinese life drab and dull? Never! For this is the land of magicians, kidnapers, bandit chiefs, and such characters, who have a habit of bobbing up when you least expect them. The author gives boys and girls a stirring account of these patient and resourceful people. For downright enjoyment and pleasure that satisfies, read "Dragon Tales." Mother and dad will want to hear these stories, too. Clothbound. **Price, $1.25.**

DOORS TO OPEN

by John C. Almack, Ph. D.

This material is written for growing boys and girls who soon will face a modern world that will test their ability and character in every phase of life. "Doors to Open" aids in character development and prepares young people to participate in the activities of life. Designed to direct energies toward worthy ideals and goals in life. Clothbound. **Price, 95 cents.**

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSN., Mountain View, California

UNCLE ARTHUR'S

BEDTIME STORIES

(THIRD SERIES)

Merry Christmas To
Lois & Ronald
from
Maisie & Ray 1943

Jesus, the children's Friend

Uncle Arthur's
BEDTIME STORIES
(THIRD SERIES)

By Arthur S. Maxwell

Editor of the "Present Truth," author of "Looking Beyond World Problems," "Christ's Glorious Return," "After Many Days," etc.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."
Mark 10: 14.

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA
Portland, Oregon Omaha, Nebraska Cristobal, Canal Zone
Brookfield, Illinois (Foreign-language publications only)

PREFACE

It seems almost unnecessary to write a preface to this Third Series of stories; nevertheless we feel we must say Thank you for the expressions of appreciation of Series One and Series Two which have reached us, not only from all parts of this country, but from the very ends of the earth. These little books seem to have gone to every English-speaking country on the face of the globe.

Evidently there are still thousands of mothers and fathers who would rather read simple gospel and moral-lesson stories to their children than all the sensational trash that is so common to-day.

This leads us to emphasize that all the stories in this little book, like those which have gone before, are true to life, most of them being based on actual occurrences with which we have come in contact. We have endeavored so to arrange the stories that the children will not feel they are being "preached at," but will, while enjoying themselves, acquire valuable lessons to help them in the little daily battles of their lives.

That these new stories may bring happiness and blessing into many homes is the earnest wish of

Uncle Arthur.

Registered at Stationers' Hall by
The Stanborough Press Ltd.
Watford, England

Copyright, 1927, by
Pacific Press Publishing Association

1942
PACIFIC PRESS PUB. ASSN.
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

CONTENTS

Nellie's Wish 7
How the Blocks Were Put Away 14
No Glass Between 17
Mischievous Maggie 21
How Tony Made Up 27
When the Well Dried Up 30
When Dick Was Late 33
A Game Worth Playing 37
Jane's Pet 41
Sticking Pins Into Billy 47
Ken's Baby Brother 51
A Bright Idea 54
Always Tell Mother 59
A Rescue by Airplane 62
Frankie's Dream 65
Little Miss Grumbletone 69
The Picnic 73
From Cry Baby to Helper Boy 79
God's Great Kingdom
Part 1. How Big It Is 85
Part 2. How Man Was Made 90
Part 3. What God Is Going to Do . . . 93

© *Topical*

Writing the letter

Nellie's Wish

And How It Was Answered

SCHOOL was over. The holidays had begun. Every one was looking forward to Christmas Day. How slowly the time seemed to pass! It seemed as though Christmas Day would never come. Outdoors it was too cold to play, and indoors there seemed nothing to do without getting in mamma's way.

"Oh, what *shall* we do?" said Nellie to her little sister Elsie.

"Let's write that letter to Father Christmas we were going to send him."

"If you like," said Nellie. "But do you know I believe Father Christmas is only daddy dressed up."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Last Christmas I kept one eye open till some one came in my room to fill my stocking, and I'm sure it was daddy in his dressing gown."

"But let's write the letter, anyway," urged little Elsie.

"Oh, yes; that will be fun. What shall we ask him to send us?"

"Let us get some paper and a pencil first, so we won't forget anything."

"I'll run and get some," said Nellie, and off she went, coming back in a few minutes with enough paper for a very long letter.

Elsie having just learned to write, it was agreed that she should write the letter, while Nellie sat by her side to tell her how to spell the words.

"Before you begin, let's try to think of what we would like most," said Nellie.

So they talked the matter over very seriously, and came to the conclusion that they wanted a very large number of things. Elsie was sure she needed a box of paints, a baby doll, a doll buggy, a ball, lots of candy, oranges, and apples, and a musical box. Nellie had bigger ideas. She wanted a scooter, some good books with pictures in them, a big box of chocolates, and, above all things, a doll that could walk and talk.

"I really don't think he will be able to carry them all," said Nellie.

"Oh, I do," said Elsie. "He has a big bag."

"Yes, and there is no harm in putting them all down."

So they did. With much painstaking care little Elsie wrote the letter, underlining all the things they especially wanted. At last the letter was finished and ready to be placed in an envelope. Before doing so, Nellie read it over, all the way from "Dear Father Christmas" down to "Hoping to see you soon." Then she gave a little sigh, and put it down.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Elsie.

Nellie was silent a moment. Then she said, "I think it is a rather selfish little letter."

"Why?"

"Because we have asked things only for ourselves. There's not one thing that we've asked for anyone else."

"That's right. What had we better do? Must we write it all over again?"

"Oh, no; that would take too long. Why not add a postscript?"

"What's that?"

"Just a few words at the bottom."

"All right. What shall we say?"

"I would like to see some of the poor children at school get some nice things like those we have asked for."

"So would I."

"There's Kittie Gordon," said Nellie. "She's such a dear girl, but her mother is so poor that I don't suppose she will get any Christmas presents at all."

"Won't she really?"

"I don't suppose so."

"Then let's ask for something nice to be taken to her. I'm sure she would like a nice doll too."

"Yes," said Nellie. "Let us put that down. Then the letter will be all right, I think."

So Elsie carefully added the words, "Please see that poor Kittie Gordon gets a beautiful doll." Then they folded up the letter, put it in the envelope, stuck an old stamp on it, and handed it to mother, asking her to see that it was mailed.

* * * * *

Christmas morning came, and with it all the glorious fun of opening the stockings and examining the presents that were piled up beside their beds. Nellie and Elsie were as happy as children could be, shrieking with delight as each package was opened and they found something for which they had asked in their letter. Of course they did not get *all* their requests; but it seemed as though they had been sent the things they wanted most of all.

© Topical

Isn't it a lovely thing to open parcels in bed on Christmas morning! But when you do, always give a thought for those who can not have such a good time.

But there was one thing wrong, at least so far as Nellie was concerned. She did not say anything about it till she had opened all her packages. Then she began to look just a little bit worried. She turned all the tissue paper over again and again and looked under the bed, even in the closet, but in vain. The thing she wanted most of all was not there.

"What's the matter, Nellie?" asked Elsie. "Haven't you got enough things?"

"Oh, Elsie," said Nellie, "I know I have some lovely things, but *it* is not here."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I did *so* want a lovely doll."

"Perhaps he forgot, and took yours to Kittie Gordon."

"Perhaps so," sighed Nellie. "But I didn't mean him to do that; and I'm sure Kittie would never get one, anyway. Her people couldn't afford it."

Hardly had she said it than she realized how mean it was. She had had all these beautiful things, and most likely poor Kittie had had nothing. She began to wish she could take something to Kittie right then, but of course she couldn't go in her nightie. All day she felt a little unhappy about it, and, in the midst of all the happy play with the new toys, she kept thinking of Kittie.

In the evening Nellie and Elsie went out to a party that was being given by the people next door. There were several other little girls there and they had a splendid time together. After refreshments—and what refreshments they were!—they all went into another room, in the center of which was a tall Christmas tree, covered with presents and little colored lights. It

was a very pretty sight; but the thing which took Nellie's attention most was the beautiful doll perched right on the top of the tree. Her heart beat fast as she thought that perhaps now, at last, her great wish might be granted. They played all sorts of games around the tree, and at last the presents were distributed. Only one thought was in Nellie's mind — who was going to get the doll? Impatiently she waited and waited while every other child received a gift. There was just one thing left on the tree. It was the very doll that she had wanted.

"This," said the lady, "is for—"

"Nellie," said all the children, for they saw that she had had nothing from the tree so far.

Nellie blushed and jumped up from her seat. Taking the doll from the lady, she hugged it tightly to herself while everybody clapped.

Then a strange thing happened. Nellie was walking back to her seat when suddenly she turned quite white, and, pointing to the window, cried, "Oh, look!"

Everybody looked, but there was nothing to be seen. The blinds were up, but outside all was dark and still.

"What was it?" cried all the children.

"It was poor little Kittie Gordon. She was looking in at the window, and I'm sure she had been crying. Oh, I must go at once!"

And without another word Nellie rushed to the front door and ran out without waiting to put on her coat.

Far down the street, under an electric light, Nellie thought she saw a little figure.

"Kittie!" she cried. "Kittie! Come here."

But Kittie went on, and Nellie had to run the whole length of the street before she caught up with her.

"Oh, Kittie!" she panted. "I've brought you something. Please do stop and take it."

Then she pressed something into Kittie's arms, and, with a hasty "Good-by," turned and ran back to the house as fast as her legs would carry her. For one thing she was feeling very cold without her coat, and for another she felt happier than she had felt all day.

As for Kittie, she stood there in the street looking at the wonderful thing she held in her arms that had, it seemed to her, dropped from the very skies.

It was a doll that could shut its eyes, walk, and say, "Mamma."

How the Blocks Were Put Away

"BEDTIME!" called mamma. "Put the blocks away, dears."

"No! No! No!" cried the children in a chorus of disapproval.

"Don't want to go to bed," said Jimmie, the youngest.

"It's so early," said Gerald; "I'm not tired."

"And I'm not going to put the blocks away," said Sheila, "because I didn't put them out."

"And I didn't," said Gerald.

"And I didn't," repeated Jimmie.

"But you can't leave the dining-room looking like this," said mamma. "Daddy will be coming home soon, and he always likes to see the place tidy."

"Well, I'm not going to put the things away," said Gerald. "That's Sheila's job; she's the eldest."

"It's not my job, mamma. I think Gerald's mean; he should do it himself."

"I can't do it," said Jimmie with a sigh, "for I'm too tired."

"Well," said mamma, "somebody must do it; and I will give you just five minutes to decide. If the blocks are not away then—well, you know what will happen."

So mamma went into the kitchen and closed the door behind her. The three children sat on the floor and looked at the pile of blocks. Then they scowled at one another.

"You should put them away," said Sheila to Gerald. "You're mean."

"So are you. I shan't do it, so there," and Gerald pulled his feet up under him and locked his hands over his knees in an attitude of grim obstinacy.

Slowly the minutes ticked away.

"Mamma will be here in two minutes, and then you'll catch it," said Sheila.

"So will you."

"But it's your job," insisted Sheila.

"It isn't; it's yours," replied Gerald.

Sheila looked at the clock.

"There's only another minute," she said; "and you know mamma always does what she says."

"Well, put the things away, then."

"I won't; it's your job."

"It isn't; it's yours."

"It isn't."

"It is."

"I'll tell you what," interrupted little Jimmie.

"And what have *you* to say?" asked Gerald.

"Why, let's each put one away, one after the other; and I'll start."

"Not a bad idea, Jimmie," said Gerald.

So Jimmie brought the box and put in the first block. Sheila followed with another, and then Gerald. Soon they were trying to see who could pick up the blocks quickest. Before the last minute had gone, all the blocks were put away.

When mamma came in, they were all smiling and happy—and when they saw the slipper that mamma held in her right hand, they were very glad they had taken Jimmie's suggestion.

© *Topical*

The glass that separates boys from toys.

No Glass Between

HERE is a beautiful little story that I heard some time ago. So far as I know it is true; the only thing I do not know is the little boy's name. Let us call him Peter.

Peter lived in the very poorest part of the East End of London. He was an orphan, his mother and his father having died when he was very young. Now he was in charge of a woman who used to go to the saloons and get very drunk. Often she would whip him, and never did she give him enough to eat. His clothes were seldom mended, and usually he had to go about with big holes in them—even sometimes in his trousers. His one pair of shoes always seemed to be worn through, and altogether he looked very shabby, and as though he needed some one to love him.

Needless to say, Peter never had any pocket money, and so he could never buy any candy or toys for himself; and certainly no one ever gave him any. His one great joy was to look into the toy-shop windows and gaze at all the beautiful things that were piled up inside. He knew that they were not for him, for there was the glass between. Sometimes he would put his hands on the glass and try to imagine that he could touch the things on the other side.

There was one thing above all that he desired—a box of lead soldiers. Often and often he would look through the glass at the gayly colored little figures so neatly packed in their oblong boxes, or maybe standing on the top of a castle. Oh, how he longed for just one soldier, all for his very own! But always

there was the glass between, and back home he had to go, unsatisfied.

Then one day Peter met with an accident. Crossing a road, he tripped over a dog, and before he could get up an automobile ran over his leg. People crowded around, a policeman came up, and in a few minutes Peter was in an ambulance, being hurried away to the hospital. He woke up to find himself in a beautiful, snow-white cot, and to see a kind face bending over him. He thought he must be in heaven; it was all so different from what he had known before.

A few days later, when his leg began to get better, he was propped up in his cot and told that if he was a very good boy perhaps some one special would come to see him.

It was Christmas time, and in the afternoon several nurses came into the ward, together with a Big Lady who was dressed up in furs and all sorts of things that poor little Peter had never seen before. The Big Lady began to give presents to all the children in the little white cots, and presently she came to where Peter was lying.

With a smile she handed a package to Peter, who said, "Thank you, ma'am," very nicely. Eagerly he tore off the tissue paper.

There was a cry of delight. Everybody stopped and looked around.

"You seem very pleased," said the Big Lady, with another broad smile.

"Oh, lady," cried Peter, "it's a real box of soldiers, and there's no glass between!"

And those words of little Peter's made me think of some words just like them that we find in the Bible,

where Paul says that now we see "through a glass darkly," but afterwards "face to face." I'm sure that what Paul meant was that, while now we may not have all we would like to have, and sorrows come to us, and things are misunderstood, in the glorious afterwards, when Jesus comes, everything will be made clear and plain; all that is beautiful will be given to us, and there will be "no glass between."

A Child's Hymn

"Through the pleasures of the day,
When I read and when I play,
Let me ever keep in view
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest at night,
Let me never lay my head
On my soft and easy bed
Till I lift my heart in prayer
For my heavenly Father's care,
Thanking Him for all His love
Sent me from His home above,
Praying Him to kindly make
Me His child for Jesus' sake."

© *Topical*

Little Maggie thought the clothesline would make a good skipping rope.

Mischievous Maggie

And How She Learned to Be Good

LITTLE Maggie McClements was perhaps the most mischievous child who ever lived. She used to do the most awful things that any little girl could ever think of. Such good little children as you could not imagine the pranks she would play, and I hardly dare tell you for fear you will do the same. Why, once when she had lost her skipping rope, she went into the back garden when mamma was out shopping, and, climbing on one of the dining-room chairs, cut off a piece of the clothesline! What happened when mamma returned home, I'm sure you wouldn't want me to say.

Then one day—I must tell you about this—daddy discovered little Miss Maggie sitting on the kitchen table cleaning his shoes with *stove polish!* Poor daddy didn't know whether to laugh or to be cross. However, as he loved his little girl very much, he said to himself that probably Maggie thought she was trying to help him. But it was a long time before the shoes looked right again.

Another day she tried to find where the noise came from in the alarm clock. She managed to get the clock to pieces, but no one could ever put it together again! Did you ever hear of such a little girl in all your life?

There seemed no end to Maggie's mischief. It seemed to bubble out of her. Mamma and daddy would often say to each other that they wondered

© *Topical*

Cleaning daddy's shoes with stove polish!

what would happen to her when she grew up. What to do for her they did not know. But it turned out that Maggie cured herself.

Daddy had bought a fine new camera, of which he was very proud. But to no one, not even to daddy, was it of more interest than to little Miss Maggie herself.

Right away, in fact almost before the camera was unpacked, she wanted daddy to take her photograph. He said he could not possibly do so till the sun was up the next morning. So Maggie was up with the sun to have her picture taken. She was very anxious indeed to have a really good picture, as she wanted to show it to the little girl next door, whose daddy had often

taken *her* photograph. There was a keen sense of rivalry in Maggie, and she did hope that her picture would look prettier than that of the next-door girl.

Well, daddy took the photograph—in fact he took six of them, showing Maggie in all sorts of positions. Maggie was delighted, and looked forward to getting the prints.

Daddy went off to his work and left the camera on his writing table, telling Maggie that he would get the pictures developed when he returned.

But Maggie, mischievous as ever, could not wait so long for her pictures. She did not see why she could not take them out of the camera just as well as daddy; and he surely would be pleased to see them when he got back.

So little Miss Maggie sat down at the table and began to look at the camera. How to open it she did

© *Topical*

Trying to find out why an alarm clock "goes off."

© *Topical*

Looking for the pictures in daddy's camera

not know, but she pulled and pushed at it until at last her finger accidentally touched a little button on the side and the back fell out. Maggie was delighted, and felt sure she would now quickly find her pictures. Inside was a long strip of black paper and underneath it another strip of queer-looking white paper that looked something like the stuff of which her celluloid doll was made. She pulled all this out, but still there seemed to be no pictures. The box was empty.

Maggie was very disappointed, and felt sure daddy must have made a mistake. Then she tried to put the paper back inside so that daddy should find it as he left it; but somehow it wouldn't go, and the more she worked at it, the worse it became, until finally she gave up in despair.

Maybe you can guess what happened when daddy got back from work.

Anyhow, after Maggie had stopped crying, daddy explained to her how she had spoiled all his pictures and that she could never see the ones he had taken that morning—that they were all on that queer-looking strip of white "paper," waiting to be developed—but, because of her naughtiness, they would never be seen by anyone.

Maggie was so disappointed she said that she would never do it again, and that after this she really would try to be good. And while she did not always keep her promise, it is a fact that the lesson she learned that day remained with her ever after.

Smiles

"A smile is quite a funny thing;
It wrinkles up your face;
And when it's gone, you can not find
Its secret hiding place.

"But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do.
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

"He smiles at some one, since you smiled
And then that one smiles back;
And that one smiles, until in truth,
You fail in keeping track.

"And since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile, and not forget
That smiles go everywhere!"

© *Anne Shriber*

Tony trying to make up.

How Tony Made Up

"IT WAS your fault," snapped Tony.

"No, it wasn't; you did it," said Beryl.

"Didn't."

"You did."

"Didn't, I tell you."

"You did, I tell you."

"You're just a horrid thing."

"And so are you."

Tony reached over and pulled Beryl's hair—which he knew she hated most of anything. And then the fight was on. Hearing the noise, mamma came rushing out of the house.

"You naughty children," she cried. "Stop it at once!"

Two tear-stained faces looked up at mamma.

"Tony smashed the head of my best dollie," wailed Beryl.

"I didn't; she dropped it on the pavement herself."

"But he did break it. He ran into me with his scooter, and knocked it out of my hand."

"I couldn't help it. You should have held on to it properly. Anyhow, it was only a moldy old doll."

"It wasn't. It was my very best dollie, and—"

Poor Beryl burst into tears again.

"Now, now, now," said mamma; "two big children such as you mustn't quarrel like this. Come indoors and sit down till you have both become quiet."

Beryl went up to her bedroom, but Tony sat down on the sofa in the dining room and tried hard to look placid, so as to get permission to go out to play again.

By and by mamma came in and sat down beside him.

"You and Beryl always seem to be quarreling," she said. "Why is it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Tony; "she's so cross."

"But she thinks you're cross."

"I'm not; she is."

"But don't you think it is a pity always to be quarreling like this? You're just like two pussy cats."

"Well, I suppose it is."

"Suppose you didn't have a little sister; don't you think you'd be sorry?"

"Dunno."

"Suppose she were to get very ill and die, wouldn't you be sorry?"

"P'r'aps a bit."

"Well, love her while you have her," said mamma, giving Tony a kiss and hurrying out to the kitchen where a great spluttering told that the kettle was boiling over.

Tony sat still thinking. Perhaps Beryl wasn't such a bad sister after all. She had been very kind to him at times. Only a month ago she had given him a new railroad game for his birthday, and that out of her own savings. Certainly he should not have been so mean as to pull her hair and slap her face. Maybe she did love the old doll, and was upset about it.

He walked across the room and looked out of the window. There was the poor, headless doll lying where it had fallen on the cement walk. It was rather a tragic sight, but it gave Tony an idea.

Creeping softly upstairs, he went to his room, opened a drawer, took something out, and put it in

his pocket. Then he went downstairs again and out into the garden where the doll was lying. Picking it up, he put it under his coat—for, being a boy, he didn't want anyone to see him with it—and out of the gate he went, down to the town.

* * * * *

In half an hour he was back.

"Where's Beryl?" he asked mamma.

"Upstairs; she is still crying about her doll."

"Poor little girl!"

Tony went up to Beryl's room and, pushing the door open softly, went in. Beryl was sitting on a stool sobbing to herself. She did not seem to notice Tony coming in. Tony went across, and sat down beside her.

"Beryl." No answer.

Tony moved along the stool and put his arm around Beryl's neck. "Beryl, I'm sorry," he said.

"I—don't—believe—you—are." More sobs.

"But I am," said Tony. "Your doll is quite all right. I've had a new head put on it; and I paid for it myself out of my own money box."

Tony began to undo the brown paper around the doll. Beryl looked up at last.

"Oh, what a pretty face you've chosen!" she cried, tears all forgotten.

"Yes, and I'm going to try not to be cross with you any more."

"You are a dear big brother."

Beryl put her little face up to Tony's, and they kissed each other. And ever after that when they were tempted to get cross with each other, they thought of the day when Tony did that great big thing and made up.

When the Well Dried Up

(Based on an Actual Occurrence in South Africa)

RENE was so thirsty. There was not a drop of water to be found anywhere. For many, many days there had been no rain. Not a cloud had crossed the sky, and the fierce African sun had scorched the whole land over hundreds of square miles. The rivers and streams had dried up, and now at last the deep well close to the farmhouse had run dry too.

Rene's daddy did not know what to do. He had worked very hard for many years to build up that home and to develop his land. Now it seemed that he was about to lose everything. His crops were withering away, and, worse still, his cattle were parched with thirst, for there was no water to give them. What could he do?

Calling his family together, he told them how serious the situation was, and that he was going to ask Jesus to send rain.

So they all knelt down,—mother, daddy, Rene, and her baby sister,—and together they prayed as they had never prayed before. Father and mother both prayed very earnestly that Jesus somehow would send rain to save the crops and to spare the herds of cattle.

When it came Rene's turn to pray, she did not say just what mother and father had said. She said, "Dear Jesus, if You don't send rain, please send some water into the well."

Daddy smiled, because he couldn't see how water could come into the well if it didn't rain. But Rene

did not think about that. She believed that Jesus could do anything; and when they all got up off their knees, she said she was quite sure that Jesus was going to answer her prayer.

Father and mother went about their various tasks around the home, but Rene disappeared. She had gone off to the well to watch what Jesus would do.

She pulled and pushed at the cover, and finally moved it enough so that she could look down. But it was so deep and dark that she could see nothing at all. Picking up a stone, she dropped it in. There was a moment of breathless waiting. Then—

"Splash!"

The next instant she was off to the house like a flash.

"Jesus has sent the water!" she cried. "Jesus has sent the water!"

Father wouldn't believe it, but came running to the well to see, with mother and the farm workers close behind. He dropped in another pebble, and there was another splash.

A moment later he had the pump working, and out from the well there was soon pouring a stream of clear, cold water.

How happy and thankful they all were! And, do you know, from that day to this, that well has never again run dry. Of course, some people say, "It just happened so." But little Rene knows better. She says Jesus sent the water in the well and answered a little girl's prayer—and I believe she is right.

© *Topical*

The school sand pile

When Dick Was Late

DICK was a dear little chap who had just struck six o'clock. He had been going to school for about a year now, and very proud of the fact he was, too. He liked going to school, and he loved his teacher very much; but there was one thing he didn't do, and that was to get to school on time.

I don't mean that he was always late; that would never have done; but every now and then, three or four times a week, little Dick would saunter into his classroom five or ten minutes after everybody else had gone in.

Teacher did all she could to make him realize that he mustn't do it. Sometimes she stood him in a corner, and once she sent him home again, but all in vain. His mamma did not know what to do with him; for, although she kept telling him to hurry up, it did not seem to make any difference.

The real trouble was, I think, that Dick would get so interested in his play that he would not notice how the minutes passed. In his back garden there was a fine big sand pile that daddy had made for him, just like the one at school. Here Dick would play by himself for hours at a time, making all sorts of tunnels and castles, as children do at the seaside. As soon as he got home from school in the morning, he would rush to the sand box and stay there until mamma called him in for dinner.

But when mamma would call him, he was, as you may guess, very unwilling to come. He would say, "Just a minute, mamma; I want to finish this castle."

Mamma would give him a minute, and then call again. Still he would not come; and sometimes mamma would actually have to go and bring him in.

Mamma began to get tired of Dick's ways, and she determined to put a stop to them. "Somehow," she said to herself, "Dick must learn the meaning of time and how important it is to do things just when they should be done."

The very next day her opportunity came. Dick came home from morning school as usual, and went to the sand box to play. Mamma gave him plenty of time to enjoy himself, and then called him to come to dinner.

"Just a minute," said Dick, "I'm building a bridge; and if I don't finish it, it will fall down."

Mamma did not call him again, and Dick went serenely on with his building. In about an hour's time he began to feel hungry, and went in for his dinner. All was very quiet and still indoors. He called for mamma, but no mamma appeared. There was no sign of any dinner. Everything had been cleared away. Dick would have cried if anyone had been there to see him; but, finding himself alone, he decided that he would be a big man and not cry. Then he remembered school and teacher's promise that if he were late again she would have to punish him more severely. He decided to go to school, and at last began to hurry "in case he should be late." But, of course, he was hopelessly late, and arrived when the afternoon session was halfway over.

A surprise awaited him. There was no one there. Not a child or a teacher could he find. What could have happened? He thought he would wait and see

if they would come back. So he went to the school sand pile and played there all by himself.

After another hour, Dick heard happy children's voices approaching, and in a few moments all the kindergarten class came into the playground with the teacher.

"We were all invited out to a lady's garden," cried the children excitedly.

"Yes," said one, "and she let us pick apples and pears off her trees."

"And she gave us lots of good things to eat," cried another.

"And where were you, Dick? You did miss a big treat," said teacher. "This was the big surprise I promised you all some weeks ago."

Dick began to cry.

"I wish I could go now," he wailed.

"I'm afraid you can't," said teacher; "but why did you not come to school on time?"

"I er—er—don't know—er—I s'pose I—er—was too late."

Poor little Dick was so upset that teacher did not give him that extra punishment she had promised him. She said she thought he had been punished enough by missing the special surprise treat. But she said that if ever he were late again, there would be more trouble in store for him.

But never again did Dick have to be punished for being late. Losing his dinner and a special treat all in one day was enough for him. He decided it would be much better to do just what mamma told him to do, and to run indoors as soon as she called.

© *Topical*

Painting Christmas cards at home

A Game Worth Playing

CHARLIE, Winnie, and Vera, tired of playing all the games they could think of, had come to mother to ask her for something to do. "What can we play?" they asked. "It rains all the time, and we can't get out, and we've played everything we know."

"What would you like to play?" asked mother, to give herself time to think.

"We don't know."

"I'd like to do something useful," said Charlie.

"Then I have an idea," said mother. "You can draw quite nicely, Charlie, and you all have painting sets; why not try making your own Christmas cards?"

"Not a bad idea," said Charlie, "but we haven't any cards."

"No, but you can get some plain cards at the bookstore for a few cents. And when you have the cards and some ribbons, you will have all you want. Then Charlie can draw the pictures, and Winnie and Vera can color them. If you like, you can use tracing paper and copy the pictures from books, and then color them."

"It sounds interesting," said Charlie. "Let's try it, girls."

"How about money for the cards and ribbon?" asked Winnie.

"Well, I will let you have that if you will make me twelve nice Christmas cards," said mamma.

"All right, we will," said Charlie.

So it was arranged that Winnie and Vera should go down town and buy some white cards, and ribbon of various colors, while Charlie would get the paints ready and think out some good designs.

Charlie was delighted to do this, for he was fond of drawing. By the time the others returned, he had drawn out three or four rough sketches to show them, and the girls were very pleased with what he had done. Soon all of them were busy at their fascinating new game.

They found it much more interesting than anything they had done so far during the holidays. Each person who was to receive a card was given something that just fitted him. Charlie was excellent at thinking out the pictures, and Winnie was just as good at finding a Bible text suited to each one.

So Charlie did the drawing, Vera most of the painting, and Winnie wrote in the texts and the other wording and then tied on the ribbon. When they had made all the cards that were needed, they began making calendars. These were just as simple as the cards, for the date blocks, they found, could be purchased for a very little at the bookstore. They painted a pretty picture at the top, stuck on the date block, threaded a piece of ribbon through two holes in the card, and, presto, there was the calendar!

While they were all three hard at work on the calendars, the next-door neighbor came in, and, seeing an especially pretty one, asked if she might buy it. Of course the children were delighted, especially when they received fifteen cents for it. This gave them an idea. Why should they not sell some more calendars? They had many friends in the town, all of whom

would be buying calendars for the new year—why should they not buy these?

Already the children began discussing what they would do with all the money they would earn. First they thought they would spend it on themselves, then on Christmas presents for their friends, and then Vera suggested that they would probably get more happiness out of it by buying some surprises for the children of some very poor people whom they knew. This idea appealed to them all, and they agreed to do it—when they got the money.

Now that they had an object in view, they worked much harder than before, and it was not long before they had quite a large number of calendars ready for sale. Then came the next stage, the selling of them. The three children went together to the homes of their friends, and explained what they had done and why they were doing it. To their joy, they met with great success. After they had been out for a few hours, they had to come back home to prepare some more!

In a few days they found that they had earned five dollars. Then came the temptation to keep it for themselves. But they did not forget their promise.

What joy they had going to the shops to buy the presents! It was much more fun they found than buying things for themselves. When Christmas morning came, they took the place of Father Christmas, going around to poor houses where presents were rarely seen. How happy they all were! Life seemed to become all new and beautiful to them. They knew now what Jesus meant when He said that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

© *Anne Shriber*

Jane tries to give her pet some medicine.

Jane's Pet

JANE AUSTIN was a most fortunate little girl. She had a beautiful big doggie all her very own. Rover had come to the house when Jane was a very little girl, and the two had grown up together. They loved each other very much. Sometimes Jane would pretend Rover was sick. Then she would dress up as a nurse and try to give him medicine out of a bottle. But Rover was too wise for that. He didn't mind her tying him all up in bandages, but he did draw the line at taking medicine—unless it was something with plenty of sugar in it.

Rover was like Mary's little lamb. He followed Jane everywhere she went. If she went into town shopping for her mamma, Rover would go too. He even went to school with her; and it was the biggest job in the world to keep him out of the classroom. However, he was very obedient, and when Jane said "No!" as though she really meant it, Rover would always do what he was told.

Then one night Rover disappeared. In the morning Jane went to his kennel as usual to give him his breakfast, but he was not there. All day she waited for him to come back; but he did not return.

"Mamma," she said at last, "I must go and look for him. He surely must be dreadfully hungry by now."

But mamma persuaded her to wait until the morning to see if he would come back. But morning came again, and there was no sign of Rover. Then they both began to get alarmed and made inquiries among

the neighbors, even going to the police station, but in vain.

When Jane reached home after school and learned that Rover had not yet returned, she made up her mind to go in search of him. She knew one place that Rover loved very much, and it occurred to her that he might have gone there and met with some accident. It was a small forest a few miles out of the town, where there were lots of rabbits.

Jane was so determined to find her beloved Rover that she had no fear of the woods or the lonely road. Bravely she stepped out, calling "Rover! Rover!" every few yards. But there was no response. No happy, barking Rover came bounding to answer her call. She began to get a little discouraged and wondered if it was really worth while going on. Then she decided that she would walk another three hundred steps and then turn back.

She began to count the steps and in a little while passed one hundred, then two hundred, then three hundred. She was just turning around to go home when, from somewhere on her right, came a low wail as of some one in pain. Poor little Jane was very frightened, for it suddenly occurred to her that she was all alone in the woods. Then the sound came again, a little different this time. A new idea came to Jane. She thought she had heard that noise before, sometimes in the middle of the night, when Rover was lonesome, or perhaps when he was trying to sing to the moon, as dogs sometimes do.

Again the sound came, this time a little more distinctly. Jane now felt sure that it was Rover's voice. It took a lot of courage to do it, but Jane was so

determined to rescue her beloved pet that she turned off the footpath, and made her way through the trees in the direction from which the sound had come. As she went on, the wail became clearer and clearer, until at last, peering through some bushes, she discovered Rover lying on the ground with his front paw caught in a steel trap!

"Oh, my poor, poor Rover!" she cried, kneeling down beside him. "Somehow I must let you free."

Jane had not seen a trap like this before, but she worked away at it until at last she had the teeth open wide enough to let poor Rover pull his foot out. Rover wanted to say how thankful he was, but he was too weak to give more than a faint wag of his tail.

Jane had brought some biscuits with her in the hope of finding her pet, and now she gave them to him. How glad he was for some food, for he had not had any for two whole days!

Then there was the job of getting Rover home. He couldn't put his poor foot to the ground, and he had to limp all the way back on three legs. It took them a long time, and Jane wished many times that she could carry Rover, but, of course, he was much too big for that. However, at last they reached home. In her delight at seeing Rover back again, mamma forgot to scold Jane for going away all by herself. She said she thought Jane was a very brave little girl to go so far in search of her pet, but that she mustn't do it again without letting her know.

And now Jane had to be a real nurse to Rover. A doctor came and put his leg in bandages, but afterwards Jane felt it her special duty to give Rover's

leg extra treatment (as much as he would let her) until it was quite well.

Rover never forgot Jane's kindness to him, and when he was well again, he loved his little mistress better than ever. In his doggie way he seemed to try to show her how much he loved her. He never let her get far out of his sight.

One afternoon some months later, Jane took Rover with her for a walk by the river. He loved to go there, for there were so many things to chase! It was a very pretty walk, and they had often taken it together before. Mother, of course, had told Jane that she must never leave the footpath, and it was only on this condition that she was allowed to go there. But somehow, this time Jane forgot. She noticed some pretty flowers growing down by the water's edge, and thought it would be nice to pick them and take them home. It was not far down to them, and she told herself that she would be back on the path again in just a moment. She felt sure mamma wouldn't mind, especially when she saw the flowers. But the bank was very slippery and much steeper than Jane had at first thought. Tripping over a tree root, she fell forward, rolled over and over and splashed into the water. In a moment she was caught by the swiftly flowing tide, and carried out into the stream.

"Help!" she screamed.

There was no one about; but Rover, chasing the cows in the field, heard the cry. He looked around, and, seeing that Jane was no longer on the bank where he had left her, seemed to guess at once what had happened. Like a flash he bounded to the riverside. There was a spring and a splash, and a moment later

Rover was swimming as hard as he could toward the struggling, spluttering figure of little Jane.

Now it was Rover's turn to help Jane. The brave doggie put every ounce of his strength into the race to save his mistress. On and on he swam.

Just in time he reached her, and caught her clothes in his teeth. Then came the hard struggle of swimming with her to the bank. But he did it, and as they were nearing the bank, Jane was able to catch hold of a tree stump, which helped them both to scramble ashore.

What happened when at last the two soaked, bedraggled ones reached home I must leave you to imagine. When mamma heard Jane's story, she didn't know whether to scold or to cry or to laugh for very gladness that they had both come back safe.

One thing I can tell you, and that is that Rover was given the most wonderful supper that evening that ever a dog enjoyed, better than anything Rover could remember, or that he might have imagined in his most hungry moments. Jane and Rover remained the closest and best of friends as long as he lived, and all the children around, who heard of Rover's gallant rescue, learned the lesson—that many still need to learn—that kindness to animals never goes unrewarded.

Choosing Up

Sticking Pins Into Billy

MASTER WILLIAM CROKER, known to the other boys in the town as "Billy," was a very bright lad, but he had one fault. He thought so much of himself that his hat would hardly go on his head.

Billy's skill in games made him a natural leader of the boys, but they all secretly disliked him because he was always bragging about the wonderful things that he could do. He never had time to listen to what the other boys had to say, but would always interrupt them with an account of some experience that he had had. If some one said that he had seen a big frog, Billy would say, "That's nothing; last week I saw one much bigger than that."

At last the other boys became tired of his boasting and began to talk over ways and means of putting an end to it. As Tommy Walters said, "Billy was swollen up with pride as big as a balloon, and it was high time somebody stuck a pin into him."

But how to do it was another question. Some of the boys suggested ducking him in the river; but Billy was quite a strong boy and none of the others wanted to take the risk of a personal quarrel with him. Then Tommy struck on a bright idea.

"I know of something better than that," he said. "It wouldn't be kind to put him in the river, and it wouldn't do him much good anyhow. Have you ever thought what is the matter with Billy?"

The others crowded around. "No, what?" they asked.

"I'll tell you. You've all noticed how Billy seems to win all our games," said Tommy. "That's the trouble with him; he thinks we're no good and that he can always beat us. If we are going to stop his bragging, we must learn to play better ourselves."

"Pretty good sense," said another boy. "If we could make Billy lose every game for a few weeks, he would soon change his tune."

"You're right," said Tommy, "but it's up to us to beat him. Why not practice some of our games on the quiet, and then surprise Billy?"

"But we can't all win," said a pale-faced, frightened youngster; "and I don't see how we can practice all the games we play."

"Goose!" said Tommy. "Of course we can not all practice everything at once. No; but let one or two practice running, and some jumping, and some marbles. I'm going to practice so that I can throw him out at first base the next time we have a game.

"Hurrah!" laughed the others. "Let's do it."

Tommy's idea certainly did put new life into those boys. Their mothers and their teachers soon began to wonder what was the matter with them, for nearly all of them began to practice hard at the game they had chosen in their "secret" meeting.

Billy, too, noticed it, but did not suspect for one moment that all this effort was directed against him. As the days went by, he began to notice the results of the plan. Whereas in running races he had been able to keep an easy lead, a few of the boys now began to keep up with him. Some passed him, and, instead of always winning, he began to learn what it means to lose.

When the school sports' day came around, so many pins were stuck into Billy that he was reduced almost to normal size.

Billy had not bothered to practice for any of the events because he felt so certain of success. The other boys, however, had worked very hard, almost day and night, with but one purpose in view—and they won. Poor Billy did not win a single race.

He felt very bad about it, but was sure he would be able to regain his lost reputation at the baseball game which was to follow the sports, for he prided himself on being a good hitter.

This ball game was always a big affair—at least in the boys' eyes, for it was held on the town diamond, and usually there were many spectators.

Billy was up first. He told the boys that he was going to make at least ten runs, and that they had better keep their eye on the town clock, for he was going to hit a ball right in the middle of it. Then, carrying his bat with a real swagger, he strolled across the field as though he were Walter Johnson or Ty Cobb. But much to his chagrin, Billy fanned out.

In the next inning Tommy was up first. He saw at once that his great opportunity had come. After all he had said to the other boys, he knew what he must do now.

Now Tommy had been practicing batting and fielding every morning and evening. In the morning, before his father went to work, Tommy would get him out into the vacant lot next to the house to pitch him a few balls. After school he would get one of the boys to play with him. Then in the evening, after supper, his father would throw him a few more, until his eye

and timing were nearly perfect, and he could hit curves as hard as straight balls. So now he really felt ready for the big game, and ready to teach Billy that he was not the only hitter in the town.

Tommy walked out to the batter's box with more assurance than ever before. The pitcher shot him a fast ball. But Tommy was ready, he had been training his eye carefully, and he was sure of his swing. To the surprise of all, he hit the ball away out for a "Texas Leaguer." Before the left fielder recovered the ball, Tommy was rounding third. The left fielder threw to Billy, who was catching, but Billy dropped the ball, and Tommy slid in home—a home run.

Tommy made two more home runs that day, one in the last inning with two out and two men on bases—partly because Billy, who was a really good player, lost his nerve at being surpassed, and partly because he had worked so hard to succeed. Billy failed to make a single run.

At the close of the game, they all crowded around Tommy and proclaimed him the hero of the day. The umpire said he would soon be ready to take Babe Ruth's place.

As for Billy, no one would have thought he was the same boy who had walked so confidently on to the diamond at two o'clock.

"How about the town clock?" piped a small voice.

"And how about those ten runs?" ventured a bolder voice.

But Billy only walked away with his head down.

That was the last "pin" that Billy needed to have stuck into him. No one ever heard him boasting again.

Tommy's idea had worked splendidly.

Ken's Baby Brother

FOR five whole years Kenneth had been the pet of the house. As he was the only little boy, mamma and daddy had no one else to love but him. They had loved him such a lot and paid so much attention to him that he had come to think that he was "the only pebble on the beach."

Then one day something happened. Ken came into the house after playing in the garden, to find the whole place upside down, with strange people bustling about and generally taking charge of things. He was told to be very good and quiet and to keep out of the way, because a little baby brother had just arrived.

Ken was so surprised he did not know what to do. It had all happened so suddenly and so mysteriously. Of course he wanted to see the new baby very much, but he had to wait as patiently as he could for a very long time before he was allowed to do so.

At first Ken felt very proud that he had a baby brother, and took great pleasure and pride in describing him in detail to all the neighbors who would listen to him.

But as the days went by, Ken's delight in the new arrival began to wane. Very soon he noticed that mother was spending much more time on the baby than on him. Little things that he had always expected mother to do for him he now had to do himself. In the morning, for instance, there seemed to be so many things for mother to do for the baby that Ken had to dress himself and tie his own shoe strings. He did not like it a bit. In his mind Ken began to blame

the baby for the change, and now and then when mother asked him to help her by doing some little task—perhaps setting the table or sweeping up the crumbs—he would say that he wished the baby had never come.

Ken, too, had always been accustomed to receive all the presents that came to the house. There had been no one else to have any. But now he found people bringing pretty things for the baby and quite overlooking him. In fact, one would think that there was no Ken in existence by the attention they paid to the baby.

As the months rolled by, Ken became more and more discontented.

"Ken," said mother one day, "don't you love baby brother?"

"No," snapped Ken.

"But why? He has never done you any harm, and you will be able to play together when he grows up. Why don't you love him?"

" 'Cause everybody makes such a fuss over him—and they don't love me—and he takes all my toys and breaks them—and he cries such a lot—and I just don't like him a bit."

"But suppose something should happen to him and you lost him, wouldn't you be sorry then?"

Ken hesitated, for he had just a little bit of love somewhere inside for the bright-eyed, curly-haired little dumpling that crawled about the house.

"Dunno," he said, and walked away to avoid giving an answer.

"I wish I could do something to make Ken love little baby brother," said mother to herself.

But she couldn't think of anything to do.

Next day was wash day. Mother had left baby brother asleep in his crib up in the bedroom while she went on with her work. Ken was in the dining room, building houses with his blocks on the floor. Mother had gone into the garden to hang out the clothes.

Presently Ken heard a gentle thud on the floor above and the patter of little feet.

"That baby has crawled out of his crib again!" he said to himself. "I'd better go and see."

But Ken was just finishing a house, and he thought he could wait a few minutes before going up.

Then on his ears fell a strange sound.

Bumpity—bumpity—bumpity—bang—bumpity—bump—bump—bump—bang!

Ken sprang to his feet, and rushed out into the hall. There at the bottom of the stairs lay a little white form. Poor little baby brother had fallen down the whole fifteen steps from top to bottom.

"Mamma!" shrieked Ken, but mamma did not hear, for she was out in the garden.

So he ran to little baby brother and picked him up.

"Poor, poor little chap," he cried, hugging him tight. "Oh, do wake up! Please don't die. I really don't want you to die. I *will* love you if you'll only wake up again."

And just then little baby brother gave a big cry, and the tears began to come. For the first time Ken was glad to hear him cry, and he cuddled him closer than before.

Five minutes later mother came in, and you can imagine how surprised and pleased she was at what she found sitting on the bottom step in the hall.

A Bright Idea

IRIS and Elsie were always getting bright ideas. You might see them whispering together behind the big armchair in the dining room, or under the stairs, or in the coal cellar. Then there would be a yell and a rush to find mother.

"Mamma!" they would cry. "We've got such a bright idea. We would like to—"

Then they would tell mother their new plan, perhaps for a new game, or perhaps for something to do at school. Mother did not always agree with the new ideas, and some of them, she said, were just pure mischief. But now and then the two little girls thought of something really bright and good.

This particular morning they had been talking together in whispers under a tree in the garden for quite a long time. Presently, with happy shrieks, they came rushing across the lawn into the kitchen where mother was peeling the potatoes for dinner.

"Mamma!" they cried, "we've such a bright idea."

"And what is it this time?" asked mother.

"We want you to lend us some money."

"But I haven't any to lend," said mamma, as all mothers say.

"But won't daddy give you some more?"

"What for?"

"We want to sow some seeds in the garden and earn some money for the missionaries as other children do."

"Where did you get that idea?" asked mother.

"Why, at the children's meeting last week a missionary told about some little girls who grew mustard and cress for missions, and we want to do the same. They made lots of money."

Well, mother gave in; and when daddy came home she persuaded him to lend the children ten cents each to buy some mustard and cress seed.

Next day Iris and Elsie were as busy as real gardeners. Daddy told them what to do, and dug up a piece of ground for them. Then they leveled it and raked it over and over again until there wasn't a stone to be seen. When the plot was just right, they scattered their seed, and raked it over nicely, and left it to grow.

In the morning they did not need calling, for both were very anxious to be out first to see if anything had started to grow yet.

And a good thing it was that they went out so early, for there, right in the middle of the nicely raked patch, were three big birds scratching away, having a fine feed of mustard and cress seed.

"You naughty, naughty birds!" cried the children, shooing them away.

They found that the birds had done a great deal of damage, and they had to get some more seed to make up for what had been eaten. This time, however, mamma let them have some mosquito netting to stretch over the garden until the plants were grown.

In a day or two the seeds began to throw out little white shoots. A little while later, it seemed almost in a night, up jumped the tiny green leaves.

It was such fun to watch the seeds growing! Of course they had to be watered, but that was no trouble at all. The only danger was that the seeds might get drowned, they were watered so much.

Up, up, up grew the tiny plants, all so thick together. What a wonderful show it was! It seemed as though God must be helping these seeds to grow especially well because they were going to help the missionaries.

About two weeks from the day the seed was sown, daddy said it was nearly time to cut the greens.

What a moment of joy it was when clip, clip, clip went the scissors through the white stalks, cutting off the seeds, roots, and soil. And what greater joy when, with the mustard and cress neatly packed in a basket, the children marched up to the house to sell it to mamma!

Yes, mamma bought it. Then the children purchased some more seed, and sowed again. When this

grew up, they had so much mustard and cress that they had to sell some to the lady who lived next door. Then they sowed again, and by and by they had so much that they had to ask the grocer to buy some. Each time they sold some mustard and cress they put some of the money away in a box, which they resolved not to open until the missionary came again to the children's meeting.

That was in about six-months time, but at last the day came. Tense excitement prevailed when the box was opened. There were several quarters in it, some dimes, and lots of nickels and pennies. After the service, the children took the money up to the missionary and told him it was to help tell the little black boys and girls in foreign lands about Jesus. "Thank you so much," he said, "but where did you get all this?"

Iris and Elsie paused and blushed. Then Iris, who was a little older and bigger, said, "It all came out of a bright idea." And then, of course, they told the missionary all about it, and he told the story to other little boys and girls, so they would have some bright ideas too.

© *Anne Shriber*
Of course it's very good "always to tell mother," but don't forget that sometimes daddy would like to know too!

Always Tell Mother

THIS is a school story. It's about a little girl called Gracie who used to go to a school near where I live. I don't suppose you know her, but that doesn't matter.

Gracie had a lovely home with a dear daddy, a precious mamma, and two little brothers.

Gracie loved her daddy and her little brothers very much, but I think she loved her mamma best of all. She was mamma's right-hand helper, and tried to do all she could for her. As soon as she came home from school, she would say, "What can I do to help you, mamma?" And then, as they worked together, perhaps washing the dishes or dusting or ironing—for Gracie could iron handkerchiefs like a grown-up—she would tell mamma all that had happened that day at school.

There was nothing that Gracie would hold back from mamma. She would tell her everything, even if she had to confess that she had had to stand in the corner for talking too much! It had become a habit with her to tell mamma all that went on, and mamma was very happy to listen, for it reminded her of the days when she went to school; also it gave her many a chance to tell Gracie things that would help her to get on more quickly.

One day a new girl came to the school, Bettie by name. She was a saucy little miss, and almost at once began to make trouble for the teacher. Some of the girls liked her because of her independent ways, and soon it became clear that Bettie had become the leader

of all the mischief lovers in the school. She was up to all sorts of tricks,—some of them not very nice ones, either,—and some of the stories she told the other girls were anything but good for little girls to hear.

Gracie, quite naturally, was drawn toward the bright and vigorous newcomer. She liked fun, just as all little girls do, but she was not so quick as some to make friends. There was something, too, about Bettie that Gracie did not like. She could not say just what it was, but the feeling of distrust was there just the same.

"Oh, girls," said Bettie one afternoon just after school, "do come over to this corner of the playground; I've got such a story to tell you all. You will laugh."

The children were just out of school, and all were eager for some fun, and so together they ran over to Bettie's favorite corner of the playground.

"Now, girls, listen," said Bettie, "before I tell you this story I want you to promise me something?"

"What is it?" asked all.

"Well, it wouldn't do for you to tell this story at home, you know; and you *must* promise me that you won't tell your mothers."

"All right," said some of the girls.

"Do you all promise?" asked Bettie, looking around with a superior air.

"No!" spoke up Gracie, "I shall not promise any such thing."

"And why, pray?" asked Bettie haughtily.

"Because I love my dear mamma and I tell her everything," said Gracie fearlessly, but turning a little pale.

"Oh, mamma's darling!" scoffed Bettie. "If you're such a baby as that, I think you had better go home now, don't you, girls?"

"Yes," said the others.

Poor Gracie blushed and tears came into her eyes, but she stood firm for what she knew to be right, and, without another word, turned around and walked off the playground. She heard the other girls laughing, and guessed they were laughing at her, but she kept right on and did not stop until she reached home.

Mother guessed at once that something had gone wrong, and she asked Gracie all about it. Gracie told mamma just what had happened, and when she had finished, mamma took her in her arms and gave her a great big hug, and said she had never felt so pleased with her little girl in all her life.

But the best thing happened in the morning. The postman brought a little note from one of the teachers. It ran like this:

"I happened to see and hear all that went on at the playground yesterday afternoon. I am sure Gracie has told you her side of it, but I felt I must write and say how proud of her I feel because she was not afraid to tell of her love for you before all the other girls. She acted like a little heroine."

And mamma and Gracie were so happy they danced around the breakfast table and nearly upset the milk.

A Rescue by Airplane

A True Story of Heroism in the Syrian Desert

THIS is a different kind of story from the others in this little book, but I want to tell it to you because it is about one of those happenings that make for peace and friendship among the great nations of the world.

Early in April, 1926, two Spanish airmen set out from Cairo, in Egypt, to fly to Bagdad, in Mesopotamia. The journey is a long one and very dangerous, because the greater part of the flight has to be made across wide, sandy deserts where nobody lives and where, of course, it is impossible to get either food or water.

For some time they flew on without trouble, but when crossing the Syrian Desert they lost their way. In their efforts to find the track again, they flew about so much that they ran out of gasoline and were forced to come down on the sand.

They had with them about three-days supply of food, so they waited there for some time hoping that they would be seen by other passing airplanes. But they were so far away from the right track that there was no possible chance of anyone's coming near them. All day they kept their eyes on the sky, hoping and hoping for rescue, but in vain.

It was terribly hot, and they had no shelter save the little they could get under the wings of their airplane. The next day their water began to give out.

and they were faced with all the terrors of slowly dying from thirst. At last they decided to set out on foot in one last effort to find help.

* * * * *

Meanwhile messages had been traveling across the telegraph cables between Bagdad and Cairo. Cairo inquired whether the Spanish airmen had arrived safely, and the people at Bagdad replied that they had heard nothing of them. As the days passed, everybody began to get anxious, for it was known that they had taken very little food and water with them.

On the morning of the third day, the men in charge of the British Royal Air Force decided to send out eight machines in search of the two lost Spaniards. They did not stop to ask from what country they came; for to those brave Britishers the two men were brothers in distress.

For four long days the eight British machines flew over the length and breadth of the Syrian desert, the airmen looking down with straining eyes for the lost machine. On the afternoon of the fourth day it was sighted by one of the British airplanes; but, to the dismay of the rescuers, the two Spaniards were not there.

* * * * *

Weary and famished, with blistered feet and parched tongue, the Spanish captain trudged on across the sand. It was the sixth day after his forced descent. His water flask had long since been emptied, and he had no more food. His mechanic he had left miles behind, while he pushed on alone in one last forlorn hope of obtaining assistance.

The wind had risen, sweeping great clouds of sand across the desert and blotting out all vision. He stumbled on like a man in the dark. Would help never come?

Hark? What was that? A familiar sound seemed to be coming nearer and nearer. Surely it was the droning of an airplane.

He was right. A moment later down from the skies dropped one of the British airplanes. Just in the nick of time he was rescued.

Then they went back and found the mechanic. They discovered that he had wandered twenty-five miles, and the captain forty-five miles, from their airplane!

When the news reached Spain and the story was told in the newspapers how the British airmen had searched for days through blinding sandstorms for the two lost Spaniards, the whole country went wild with excitement. The king and government expressed their gratitude, and the British Embassy at Madrid received thousands of messages saying how much the people of Spain admired the bravery and chivalry of the British.

So both countries were drawn closer together by this good deed in the desert. And is not this much better than war and fighting? Of course it is; and if only men of all nations would always try thus to be kind and helpful to one another, how much happier a place this world would be.

Frankie's Dream

FRANKIE was just seven years old. Above all things he loved the sea and—boats. Boats! Give him a basin of water with a piece of wood and a stick in it for a mast, and he would be supremely happy. He talked boats, played with boats, and dreamed boats. And "thereby hangs a tale."

One evening little Frankie went to bed shortly after having eaten a very big supper. He was soon in dreamland.

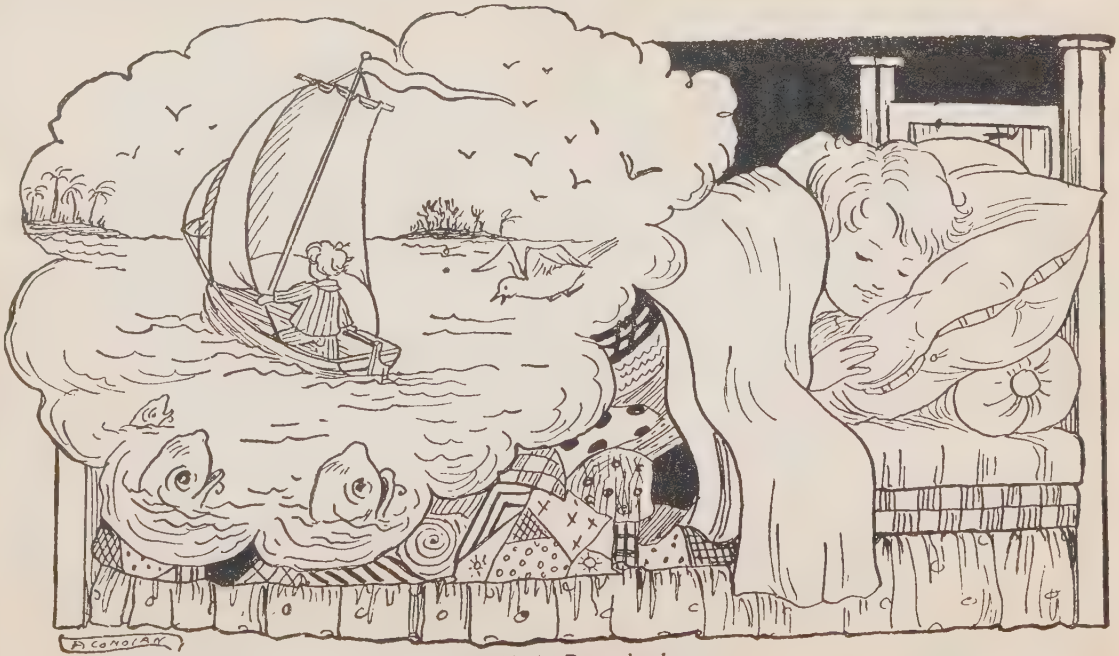
What a dream it was! He was in a boat—yes, a real boat—with a real rudder, a real mast, and a real sail. He was out on the great, wide sea with the breeze filling the sail and bearing him on and on, over the dancing waves. As he moved the rudder, the little boat turned this way and that. How lovely to have a boat of his very own!

Presently, in front of him, he caught sight of some palm trees growing, it seemed, out of the water. As he drew nearer to them, he saw that they were really growing on two little islands. How beautiful they were! He decided to steer his boat into a little creek and get out to see what else was on the islands.

On he went, guiding the boat up the creek until it gently touched the land. Just as it did so, he saw hundreds of little black boys come running down the beach to meet him, some of them having sticks and spears in their hands.

With all his might he tried to turn the boat around, but it would not move. It had stuck in the sand.

"Mamma!" he shrieked.



Frankie in Dreamland

Mamma came running upstairs to see what was the matter. By the time she reached the room, little Frankie was all right again, and wide awake. He felt very glad that the little boys with the spears were not in the bedroom.

"Have you been dreaming?" asked mamma.

"Yes, mamma," said Frankie. "I had such a lovely boat,—a real one that went on the sea; but I reached some islands and some black boys with spears came to take it away from me.

"There, there," said mamma soothingly. "You must have been thinking about the story the missionary told us in church yesterday about the poor children of the South Sea Islands."

"Do they steal people's boats?" asked Frankie.

"I expect they do until they know about Jesus," said mamma. "But when the missionary has been with them for some time and has told them about Jesus' love for them, they become just as good as any children over here, and sometimes better."

"Do you think I could have a boat and go out to see them?"

"Perhaps some day you may," said mamma. "Maybe you will be a missionary yourself when you grow up."

"I'd like to be," said Frankie.

"We can ask Jesus to make you one," said mamma. "Shall we?"

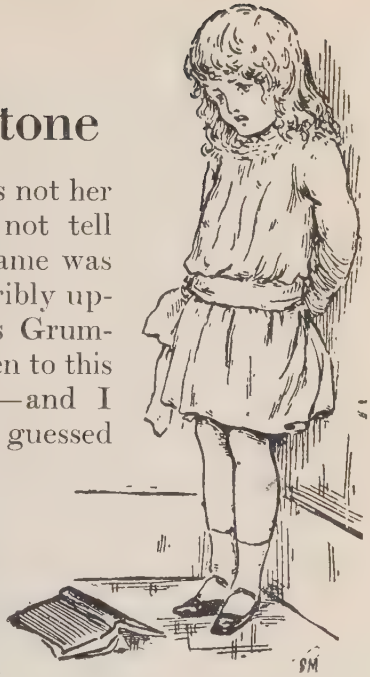
"Yes," said Frankie.

So they prayed a little prayer that when Frankie should grow up he might have a real boat and be a real missionary to go to the poor heathen boys of the South Sea Islands and tell them about Jesus.

© Topical

A little girl with all this crowd of dollies should never grumble, should she?

Little Miss Grumbletone



OF COURSE that was not her real name. I dare not tell you what her real name was because she would feel terribly upset about it. "Little Miss Grumbletone" was the name given to this little girl by her daddy—and I suppose you have already guessed the reason why. Little Miss Grumbletone was just a bundle of grumbles. She should have lived in Grumble Town, but she didn't. She lived with her mamma and daddy and baby brother in a nice, comfortable house. Really she had nothing whatever to grumble about, for she had a good home, nice clothes, and plenty to eat. What more could a little girl want? Dolls? Yes, she had a host of them, and a beautiful doll buggy and a doll's bed. Candy? Yes, a little bag full once a week, and quite enough, too. Pennies? Yes, a purse half full of money that she was saving to buy a bicycle.

Then you say, Why did she grumble?

I don't know; but little girls are so queer sometimes, aren't they? They always do just what you wouldn't expect them to do. That was the way with little Miss Grumbletone.

Grumble! Oh, dear! It started in the morning before she got out of bed.

Usually it began with "Stop it, Jimmie!" Whereupon mamma would say, "You mustn't say 'Stop it;' what's the matter?"

And little Miss Grumbletone would reply in a grumbly tone, "Jimmie's singing, and I want to lie quiet in bed," or, "Jimmie threw his pillow at me," or, "Jimmie is making faces at me."

At breakfast time it was quite the usual thing for little Miss Grumbletone to say, "I don't like this cereal," or, "If I can't have Post Toasties, I won't have anything at all."

And then when she had to practice on the piano, she would say, "I don't want to practice; my fingers are too cold," or, "I've played this old piece over and over, and I don't want to play it any more."

But dinner time was worst of all. Almost every day, whatever mamma put on the table would be described by little Miss Grumbletone as "horrid." When her plate was put in front of her, she would mumble under her breath, "Oh, this horrid dinner again!"

Once or twice her daddy told her to leave the table and go out of the room for being so naughty, but this did not seem to do her much good. He said that if she didn't stop grumbling, he really would have to punish her, but—

One day at dinner time little Miss Grumbletone began to grumble again.

"Oh, I don't like this dinner a bit," she began; "you've given me such a lot of this horrid cabbage—"

"My dear," said daddy, "remember what I have told you before. There are thousands of little children

who would be glad of just such a good dinner as you have there. You must eat every bit of it before you go to school."

Little Miss Grumbletone, knowing that she must not disobey her daddy, pretended to eat her dinner, pecking away at it like a canary, but eating very little.

When every one else had finished, little Miss Grumbletone had still scarcely started. Most of her dinner was still on her plate. Daddy left the table, and mamma went into the kitchen, while the little girl was left to finish her dinner all by herself.

Then from far away came the sound of the school bell. Little Miss Grumbletone heard it and knew what awaited her at school if she were late there. So very quietly she slipped away from the table, put on her coat and hat, and ran off to school without saying good-by to anyone.

Then mamma came into the dining room, and found Miss Grumbletone gone, and her dinner still on the table.

"All right, little miss," said mother to herself. "Just wait and see what happens!"

School over, little Miss Grumbletone came home as usual, having quite forgotten what she had done at dinner time. All she knew now was that she felt very hungry.

Supper was prepared, and a very nice supper it was. Little Miss Grumbletone thought surely some one special must be coming, for there was cake and jelly. She felt sure of a very nice time.

Then, just as they were all getting seated at the table, mamma walked in with little Miss Grumbletone's uneaten dinner.

"Little girls must learn," said mamma, with half a smile, "that they must not grumble at good food. My little girl must eat all this before she has any of the nice things on the table."

How poor little Miss Grumbletone wished she had eaten her dinner at the proper time! Now it didn't look a bit nice, and, of course, it was all cold and sticky.

The tears began to come.

"I d-d-d-d-on't want t-t-t-t-to eat it," she cried.

The others went on with their supper, and it was not very long before the nice things began to disappear. Little Miss Grumbletone sat on her chair very silently, with her lips pouted and a tear or two trickling down her cheeks.

Then the thought came to her that if she did not hurry up there would be no cake or jelly left. She picked up her fork.

"She's eating it," said Jimmie.

"But it's not very nice of you to say so," said daddy, who, with mamma, was pretending not to notice what was happening.

In five minutes all the dinner had disappeared, and smiles began to come out all over Miss Grumbletone's face. She was just in time to stop daddy from eating the last piece of cake, and mamma found some jelly that she had kept outside in the kitchen in case anything like this should happen.

When the children had gone to bed that night, daddy said to mamma, "I don't think she will grumble about her dinner any more."

And so far as I can remember, she never did.

The Picnic

IT WAS wash day and mamma was so busy that she didn't have a minute to spare for little Doris.

"Oh, dear! What shall I do, mamma? I haven't anything to do at all," said Doris.

"You mustn't bother me so," said mamma. "Run along dearie, and look at one of your picture books. There, the boiler's running over again. You mustn't keep on coming into the wash house. The steam will give you a cold."

Poor Doris went out and shut the door, feeling very sorry for herself. She didn't want to look at her picture books, for she had seen the pictures so often she was tired of them.

It was a beautiful, warm morning, with the sun shining brightly. Doris decided to go into the garden. Through the garden fence she saw little Kathleen, who lived next door. She seemed to be as lonely as Doris herself, and for the same reason. Her mamma was washing too.

They had had a quarrel the day before and said they wouldn't speak to each other again. But Doris thought that maybe for this once she would forgive Kathleen and make up. After all, anything would be better than being lonely.

Preparing the lunch

"Kathleen!"

"What do you want?"

"Let's be friends," said Doris.

"Why?"

"Because I want some one to play with. Shall we have a game?"

"What sort of game?" asked Kathleen, getting interested, and coming over to the fence.

"What would you like to play?" asked Doris.

"Oh, something different."

"Well, what can we do?"

"I know what I'd like to do," said Kathleen.

"What?"

"I'd like to go for a picnic; it's such a lovely day."

"Oh, yes!" said Doris. "So would I. But our mammas wouldn't let us; I'm sure they wouldn't."

"Let's ask them," said Kathleen.

"They're both too busy washing," said Doris, "we shall get punished if we do."

"But let's try," urged Kathleen.

To the little girls' surprise both mammas were quite agreeable to their going for a picnic together, provided, of course, that they did not go too far and that they got everything ready themselves. Strict instructions were given as to the place they were to go, where they could easily be found if necessary.

Now all was happiness. Kathleen's mamma said she wouldn't mind if they prepared the food in her house, so in they both went. Kathleen cut the sandwiches, and Doris wrapped them in waxed paper and put them in the picnic basket, which was the prettiest little basket you could wish to see.

Then they found the little tent that Kathleen's daddy had bought for them to use in the garden, and rolled up an old piece of blanket so that they would not sit on the damp ground. Of course they decided

Good-by!

Lunch time

to take a kettle with them, because this was going to be a really-truly picnic.

Then they started off. The two mammas found time to come away from their washing to wave good-by to the two little girls from the front gate. They were glad to have the children happy.

They had not gone far, however, before they made the discovery that while they had brought the tent, the blanket, and the kettle, they had left the lunch behind! In the excitement of saying good-by, they had actually forgotten all about the most important thing. So back they had to go to get it.

Now they were off again, and very happy little girls they were. They did not go very far away, but to them it seemed miles and miles. They made up all sorts of stories as they went along, and imagined they

were really grown-up big people going for a real picnic.

Presently they came to the quiet little place on the beach to which they both always loved to come. They had been here lots of times with their mammas, but this time it was all quite different. They both felt so important.

Somehow they managed to get their tent put up. It was quite a big job for such little people, but they felt they must do it all properly.

The tent fixed, they both thought it must be time to have something to eat. So they opened the all-important lunch basket and began to take out all the little packages they had put in it so carefully just an hour or so before.

How nice everything tasted! So much better than a dinner at home! Really they had never had such a lovely meal before. If their mothers could have seen them eating the plain bread and butter as though it were sugar cookies, they would have been surprised. Perhaps they would have decided to have that for dinner every day!

How quickly the lunch basket was emptied! There didn't seem to be half enough in it. Doris and Kathleen were so hungry that they ate up everything they had brought; there was not even a crumb left to carry home.

Then they played games and told stories to each

other. Soon the afternoon passed and the time came to pack up. Down came the tent. The blanket was folded up again, and the empty lunch basket slung over Doris' shoulder. Then they started off for home.

"Haven't we had a lovely time?" said Kathleen.

"Haven't we!" said Doris. "And only yesterday we said we wouldn't speak to each other any more."

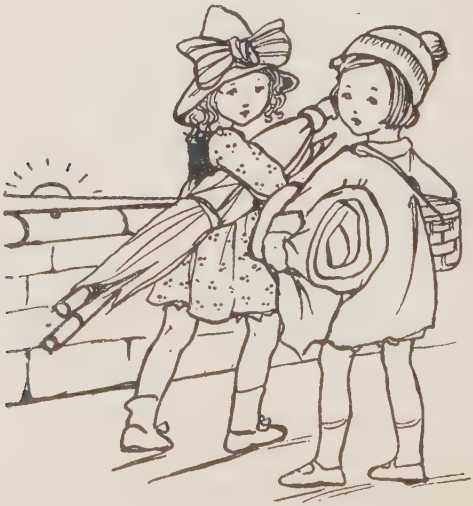
"I'm glad we made up," said Kathleen.

"So am I," said Doris.

Just then they turned the corner of the road and there, right in front of them, were two mammas standing at the gate of Kathleen's house.

"We're so glad you've come back safely," they said. "We were just coming to look for you."

Then there were hugs and kisses, a nice supper, a bedtime story, and a trip upstairs to dreamland.



Going home

From Cry Baby to Helper Boy

LITTLE Georgie always seemed to be in tears. He was one of those boys who cry if you look at them. Of course, he was only about five and a half, so perhaps that explains it. Really he was only a baby, although he liked to think that he was a great big man like daddy. His sister called him "Cry baby," but that only made him cross and ready to cry still more.

It would not have mattered so much if Georgie had just cried; it was the noise he made at the same time that worried every one so much. When he began to cry, the neighbors down the road almost thought it was thundering. For Georgie did not content himself with an ordinary, reasonable cry, with a few sobs, and a tear or two; he went in for the grand-organ type, with all the stops out. With him it was a "Boo-hoo-hoo-hoooo—Yah-a-a-a-aaa," gradually increasing in volume until he was too tired to cry any more.

Little Georgie could put on this cry at a moment's notice; in fact, without any warning at all. It seemed to come naturally to him, just like eating his breakfast. If everything did not go just as he wanted it to, then he would begin to cry. If he could not find his socks in the morning, then, "Boo-hoo-hoo" he would start. If mamma did not come to help him just when he wanted her, then, "Boo-hoo-hoo" Georgie began. If he lost a toy, it was "Boo-hoo-hoo," and if he hurt his finger, it was "Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo." But if he was punished,—well, you just should have heard the clatter! It was "Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

© *Anne Shriber*

Georgie becomes mamma's helper boy.

Both mamma and daddy wondered what they could do to make Georgie stop crying. It was no good punishing him, for that only made him cry still louder. Georgie was giving everybody headaches. Something had to be done. They thought of a plan, and called Georgie in to talk it over with him.

"Georgie," said daddy, "what would you like most in all the world?"

"A motor car," said Georgie, without the slightest hesitation.

"That's rather nice," said daddy; "I'd like one, too, but I can't afford one."

"Will you get me one?" asked Georgie, scenting a good opportunity, and quite disinterested in daddy's professed poverty. "But it must be a real one, one that 'goes.' And it must have a horn and lamps and a door that opens."

"What would you give me for one?" asked daddy.

That was a new idea for Georgie.

"Give you?" he questioned slowly, but with his eyes glistening with expectation. "I'll give you my ball and my crayons and my picture books and all the pennies in my bank."

"I'm afraid that's not enough to buy a motor car," said daddy; "I want something else."

"What's that?" asked Georgie eagerly.

"A promise."

"Oh, that's easy," said Georgie. "What do you want me to promise?"

"I'm afraid it won't be easy," said daddy.

"What is it?"

"I want you to promise me that you will not cry again between now and Christmas."

"Suppose I don't?" said Georgie.

"Well, if you don't cry any more—unless, of course, you're very badly hurt—between now and Christmas, then I will take you up to the city and we will go to one of the great big stores there, and you shall choose your own motor car."

"Hurrah!" cried Georgie, "I'm going to have a real motor car."

"Wait a bit, old chap," said daddy. "How about that promise?"

Georgie's face fell a little.

"Say it after me," said daddy. "I promise—that I will not cry any more—unless I am badly hurt—between now and Christmas."

Georgie repeated the promise, and the bargain was sealed.

From that moment little Georgie's home became quite a different place. At last there was some measure of peace. Of course, many times he almost began to cry, for it was very hard to get out of the bad habit he had learned. But every time he felt the tears start to come, he thought of his promise and of the beautiful automobile he would have if only he were good.

Then, too, every night when Georgie said his prayers he would ask Jesus to help him not to cry, so that he would not break his promise.

And surely Jesus must have helped him, for at once he became a different boy. Instead of being a cry baby, he became mother's right-hand helper. When she asked him to help her wipe the dishes, instead of making a fuss about it as he used to do, he would say, "Yes, mamma, I'm coming." If mamma wanted something brought from the store close by,

he did not start to cry as of old, but would run for his little express wagon and hurry off with it to get what mamma wanted. Mamma now called him her "helper boy."

At last the great day came. Georgie had kept his promise, and so daddy kept the promise he had made. Together they went up to the city to the big store that daddy had spoken about. It was a happy Georgie and a very lovely motor car that came back from town that night.

Then something happened. After Georgie had been put to bed and mamma had gone downstairs, a strange yet familiar sound began to float downstairs.

"Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

Mamma looked at daddy.

"I declare if he hasn't started again now he's got the car," said daddy. "Just let me catch him!"

Upstairs bounded daddy, with mamma following close behind.

As daddy opened the door, he was met with shrieks of laughter. Georgie was sitting up in bed chuckling for all he was worth.

"I thought I would do it just to see what would happen," he said.

"You little rascal!" said daddy, as he tickled him all over and kissed him good-night once more.

The worlds in space

God's Great Kingdom

1. How Big It Is

"HOW big is the world, mamma?" asked Norman. Norman and Iris were sitting by the fire having their usual bedtime story. Mamma had been reading to them about the men who had made such remarkable airplane flights, and this had set them both thinking.

"How big is the world?" repeated mamma, wondering how to answer so that they would understand. "It is very big. If you were to walk right around the world and back into this room, you would have to travel tens of thousands of miles. It would take you a very long time, many years. You would have to cross mountains and rivers and oceans, and walk for weeks across great stretches of sandy desert.

"I expect we should be very tired when we got back," said Iris.

"I'm sure you would," said mamma, "for you know how tired you are after a walk from town; and that is only two miles. To walk around the world would mean a journey twelve thousand times as long as the walk from town. Just think of walking to town twelve thousand times!"

"Tell us some more," said Norman.

"All right," said mamma. "You see Norman's baseball over there. Well, if you could fly off to the moon and look back at the world from there, it would look something like that baseball, only somewhat larger. The world is really a huge, solid ball, and the people on it are like those specks of dust that you see

on Norman's baseball. Of course you would need millions of baseballs made into one to make the world, and millions of specks of dust to make the people who live upon it."

"Mamma," said Norman, "you said that we might fly off the world to the moon. Has anybody ever done it?"

"Oh, no," said mamma. "Many people would like to fly there if they could, but when you get two or three miles away from the earth, there is little air to breathe. And then, too, the moon is so far away! Why, it is much farther to the moon than it is around the world, ten times as far. It would take an airplane traveling at a hundred miles an hour just one hundred days to get there."

"Phew!" said Norman, "and there would be nowhere to stop for gasoline, would there?"

"That's right," said mamma, smiling, "and there would be no gasoline when they got there, for no one lives on the moon; it's too cold."

"But, mamma," said Iris, "if people can't fly to the moon, perhaps they could to the sun; for that must be nearer, it gets so hot sometimes."

"Oh, no," said mamma, "the sun is much farther away than the moon. If the sun were as near to us as the moon, we should all be burned up in a second, for the sun is a great ball of fire thousands of times bigger than our world."

"No one would want to fly there, then," said Iris, "for they would get burned up."

"Yes," said mamma, "but in any case no one could fly to the sun. It is ninety-two million miles away; so that an airplane traveling at one hundred miles an

hour would have to fly for more than a hundred and fifty years before it got there."

"The pilot would die on the way," said Norman.

"Of course," said mamma. "Even if he started out as a young man of twenty-one he would be a gray-bearded old gentleman over a hundred and seventy years of age by the time he arrived. Certainly he would never get back home again."

"Are the stars any nearer?" asked Iris.

"Oh, no," said mamma. "They are much farther away. The nearest star is at least two hundred thousand times as far away as the sun."

"What a long, long way!" said Iris.

"Yes," agreed mamma. "It is too far for us to understand. We can not imagine so great a distance. And the wonderful thing about it is that many of the stars, far, far away as they are, are great big suns, just like ours. Many of them are even larger still. They appear small only because they are such a long way off."

"How many stars are there?" asked Iris.

"Oh, I don't know," said mamma, "and nobody does. If you look up at the sky on a clear night, you can see about three thousand; but if you look through an ordinary telescope, you can see about a hundred times as many. And the more powerful the telescope, the more stars you can see. No one has ever yet seen them all."

"And are some of the stars that we see big suns like ours?" asked Norman.

"Yes," said mamma, "and for all we know they light other worlds like this and warm other people like ourselves."

"What a wonderful place we live in!" said Norman thoughtfully.

"Yes; and the more you read and study about it," said mamma, "the more wonderful it seems. For instance, our world and the moon and the sun and the stars are all moving, yet they move in perfect order. Every night we know just where to find each star, and we mark our days by the sun. You never hear of two stars bumping into each other, or of the moon going off into space."

"How was it all made?" asked Iris.

"Well," said mamma, "some people tell us nowadays that it all happened by chance, but I do not believe them. Some one must have planned it all. Some one must have thought it all out before it was made. In the Bible we are told who did it, and how it was done.

"The very first verse of the Bible says: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' Then, later on, in the Psalms, David says: 'By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth.' 'For He spake, and it was done.' Psalm 33: 6, 9.

"But now I will tell you something else," mamma went on. "The New Testament says that the One who really made this wonderful universe was Jesus. Listen to this: 'By Him [Jesus] were all things created, that are in heaven and that are in earth: . . . all things were created by Him, and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.' Colossians 1: 16, 17."

"Then Jesus must have been alive before He came here as a baby," said Iris.

"Why, yes, of course," said mamma. "You know that, dearie. He said, when He was grown up, that He had been with His Father 'before the world was.' John 17: 5. And it was because He made this world and knew it so well and loved its people so much that He left the rest of His glorious kingdom and came to live and die among men. It pained Him that one of His worlds had done wrong and loved Him no more. So He came to it that He might let His love for it be known, and that afterwards He might make it all lovely and beautiful as before.

"But there, it is more than time that you were both in bed and asleep. Let us say our prayers, and then I will tell you some more to-morrow night."

So they prayed together and then sang that beautiful little hymn:

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful —
The Lord God made them all."

God's Great Kingdom

2. How Man Was Made

AT the next story hour Norman and Iris reminded mamma of her promise to tell them more concerning the wonderful things they had talked of the evening before.

"What would you like to know about?" asked mamma.

"I wish you would tell us where all the people in the world came from," said Norman. "A boy told me at school the other day that men were once monkeys."

"That is a good question, Norman," said mamma, "and I am glad you have asked it."

"Did we all have tails once?" giggled Iris.

"No, indeed," said mamma. "That story about people coming from monkeys is quite wrong. I will tell you the truth about it.

"You remember that last night you asked me how the world was made, and the stars. I read you the answer from the Bible, and I am going to do the same to-night.

"Now the first chapter of Genesis tells us where everything came from—the world, the trees, the flowers, the animals, and man himself. You know how the world was made. God 'spake, and it was done.' It was the same with everything else. I don't know how long He spent thinking about it beforehand, planning out every finest detail so that there should be no mistakes, but I do know that, when God was ready to act, all He had to do was to say the word and the thing that He wanted came into existence."

"That reminds me," said Norman, "I heard one of the teachers say the other day that people were once worms, and it took millions of years for them to become men. I think he called it 'evolution,' or something like that."

"I know there are many saying such things today," said mamma, "but those people do not believe in the Bible. I think it was very wrong of the teacher to tell you that, for it is not true. Listen to what the Bible says:

" 'So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them.' Genesis 1: 27. Don't you think it is better to think that Jesus made us than that we grew up from worms and fishes without Him?"

"I should not like to be a worm," said Iris. "It would be too easy to be cut in half."

"But listen again," said mamma, ignoring the interruption. ' "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' Genesis 2: 7. That is the true story of how men began to live on this world. And over and over again the Bible repeats that God made man in His image. Nowhere does it suggest that man evolved through millions of years."

"But does it make any difference which we believe?" asked Norman thoughtfully.

"Of course it does," said mother. "If man has come from worms and fishes and monkeys and gradually improved himself, there is no reason why he should love and worship God. But if he was made by Jesus, in His image, then he will reverence his

Maker and respect his neighbor and his own body. I love to think that our first parents were made in the image of God."

"What does that mean?" asked Norman.

"What?"

"To be made in His image."

"I think it means just what it says," said mamma. "An image is a likeness; God made man like Himself. And that is very wonderful when we think that God is the One who made the stars and the sun and the world and all that is in it. God made man not only to look like Himself, but He gave him also the power to think, to choose, to act, to love—to live as He lives, only in a smaller sphere.

"Are men like God now?" asked Norman.

"Sometimes, I think," said mamma. "Now and then you will meet good men who love God and His word, who are 'true as steel' and take pleasure in being kind. They may not look so beautiful as Adam must have looked when he came from his Maker's hands, but they are getting back some of the glory of God's image."

"What a pity it was lost!" said Norman.

"Yes," said mamma, "and Jesus must think so too. When He made man He must have hoped that he would always be beautiful. I expect the angels wept when Adam made that terrible mistake and disobeyed God. The effect of that first sin has lasted all these thousands of years. But it will not last forever. Some day Jesus will come and make us all like Himself again. The Bible says that 'when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.' 1 John 3: 2."

God's Great Kingdom

3. What God Is Going to Do

"MAMMA," said Norman, as the three settled down once more by the fireside, "I've thought of two more questions that I want you to answer."

"All right, dear," said mamma; "I hope I shall be able to answer them for you. What are they?"

"The first one is this: You have told us a lot of things about how the world was made and how man began to live here; but how can we really be certain that God did create them all?"

"That's another good question," said mamma, "and there is a clear answer to it. How many days are there in a week?"

"Seven," said Iris.

"Of course," said mamma, "but why?"

"Why?" said Norman, "I never thought why. I suppose it's because there always have been seven."

"Well," said mamma, "how many months are there in a year?"

"Twelve," said Iris, "January, Feb—"

"That's right," said mamma, "but why?"

"I don't know," said Iris.

"Something to do with the moon," said Norman, who had heard a little about it at school.

"Yes," said mamma, "months are marked off by the passing of the moon around the earth; but there is nothing in the sky that marks off the week. Yet there are always just seven days to a week. Each week begins on Sunday morning and ends on Saturday night—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—

and then it starts all over again. Shall I tell you how it began?"

"Yes, do."

"Listen then. Do you remember what the fourth commandment says? 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: . . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.' Exodus 20: 8-11.

"Now that is the only explanation that anyone can give of the week," said mamma. "It started when the world started, and every seventh day that comes should remind us that the Bible story of creation is true and that man and this world, the sun, the moon, and the stars, were made by the hand of God."

"I've another question," said Norman.

"All right, tell us what it is," said mamma.

"What is going to happen to the world? What is God going to do with it?" asked Norman.

"That is quite a different question, isn't it?" said mamma, "yet it fits in with all we have been talking about these past few evenings. I'll try to tell you.

"In the beginning Jesus made the world very beautiful and placed two perfect beings upon it, created 'in His image.' He loved them, and I am sure He was willing to do anything for them to make them happy. But they did something wrong, and lost all the good things they might have had.

"You know what happened next: people became so wicked that God had to send the Flood to destroy them all. Only Noah and his family were saved in the

ark. But even after that, as people multiplied again, they forgot God; and ever since there have been wars and fighting and much evil.

"All through the years Jesus has been watching over the world, sending messengers to tell men of His love for them and asking them to come back to Him. Many have come back, and have shown their love for Jesus by living beautiful lives amid all the evil around them.

"Finally Jesus came to the world Himself and made very plain how much He loves us all. While He was here, He told His disciples something about what He was planning to do for them. Listen to what He said:

" 'In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' John 14: 2, 3.

"Some day, then, Jesus will come back to this earth and take those who love Him to the mansions He is getting ready for them in His golden city.

"But that is not all. The Bible tells us that Jesus will make the world over again. It will then be an altogether new world, even more beautiful than was the old world when it was first created. All that is wrong and evil will be burned up, and in its place will grow all the glorious things that Jesus planned for this world in the long ago.

"The new world will have one big city, the golden city of God, where those who love Jesus will live forever. They will all have lovely homes and gardens and

fruit trees and flowers, and nothing will ever happen to make them unhappy. No one will ever want to cry there, for there will be no pain, and nobody will ever die."

"I'd like to live there," said Iris.

"And you may," said mamma. "Every one who loves Jesus will share in all the happiness of that lovely home."

"So that is what is going to happen to the world," said Norman.

"Yes, some day," said mamma, "that is just what the Bible tells us; so it must be true."

"Do you think Jesus will come soon?" asked Iris.

"I think so," said mamma, "but, of course, no one can say just when. He did say once that He would stay away until all the world had heard the gospel message; and it can not be long now before that has been accomplished. Then He will come again."

"I hope He won't be long," said Iris. "I'd like to see Him."

"Imagine what it will be to see Jesus!" said Norman.

"Yes," said mamma, "it seems too good to be true. But we must get ready for Him so that we shall not be disappointed and left out of His kingdom. Let us not forget to pray this little prayer:

"Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away."

Old Homestead TALES

By NEIL WAYNE NORTHEY

The author is a real nature lover, and children love his stories of wild life. Encourage your children in the study of nature. Three books of this set are still available.

Vol. II. THE MALLARDS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

On their northward flight, Mr. Mallard is shot, and is wounded so badly that he cannot continue. That is why they decide to spend the summer at the Duck Pond on the Old Homestead. Mr. and Mrs. Mallard set out to explore the Duck Pond, and make a number of new friends. Clothbound. **Price, 90 cents.**

Vol. III. PADDLETAIL THE BEAVER AND HIS NEIGHBORS

Near the Old Homestead is the Black Forest, and it is here, on Little River, that Paddletail the Beaver and Mrs. Paddletail had built their home the preceding fall. After completing the dam, Paddletail starts out to find a suitable location for a home and to visit his neighbors. Clothbound. **Price, 90 cents.**

Vol. IV. THE LITTLE WILD CREATURES IN WINTER

When Jack Frost, the son of Old Man Winter, appears with his paintbrush, it is time for Farmer Smith and all the Wild Creatures to get ready for the Merry Snowflakes. (An interesting account of how the Wild Creatures live in cold, wintry weather.) Clothbound. **Price, 90 cents.**

WILD ANIMAL STORIES—SOUTH AMERICA

Although not a part of the Old Homestead series here is another vivid account of wild animals and their habits written by Mr. Northey. Careful reading of this book enables each child to have an intimate knowledge of the habits and life of nearly all the wild animals inhabiting South America. Beautiful illustrations. 228 pages. Clothbound. **Price, $1.25.**

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSN., Mountain View, California

Y0-DCN-163